

The Historie of

Prince. Come hither Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Francis. Forsooth five yeares, and as much as to

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone sir.

Prince. Five yeares, berlady a long lease for the clinking of Pewter: But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Francis. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a penny worth, wast not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had been two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone.

Prince. Anone Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thurseday: or indeed Francis, when thou wilt: But Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherneierkin, Chrifstall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouck?

Francis. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne bastarde is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your White canuasse doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir;

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer standes amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint.

Henry the fourth

Vint. VVhat, standst thou still? looke to the Ghestes within. My a dozen more, are at the doore, shall

Prin. Let them alone awhile, &

Poines. Anone, anone sir.

Prince. Sirra, Falstulffe and the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, my cunning match haue you made with come, what's the issue?

Princ. I am now of all humors, humors, since the old daies of good age of this present twelue a clocke Francis?

Francis. Anone, anone sir.

Princ. That euer this fellow shal a Parret, & yet the son of a Woman and downe staires, his eloquence am not yet of Percy's mind, the Honour me some sixe or seuen dozen of Sh hands, and sayes to his wife, Fie worke. O my sweet Harry, sayes she to day? Giue my Roane horse a drem some forteene, an houre after: a tr Falstaffe, he play Percy, and that Dame Mortimer his wife. Riuo, saie call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe

Poines. Welcome Iacke, where l

Fal. A plague of all cowards I say ry and Amen: giue me a cup of s long, Ile sowe neatherstocks, and too. A plague of all cowards, Giue there no vertue extant?

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan harted Titan that melted at the swe didst, then behold that compound

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